No. 5 JUNE 24

SPY SMASHER

10¢

SPY SMASHER upholds with flying fists the ideals of our national heroes

WELCOME TO THE SCREEN, SPY SMASHER!
ANOTHER FAWCETT MOVIE STAR!
THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL!
YES Sir, boys and girls! SPY SMASHER is in the movies!
What a thrill you'll get when you see this famous hero of WHIZ COMICS and SPY SMASHER ADVENTURES in the same mysterious adventures on the screen that have made him a SMASH HIT in your favorite comics magazines!
Spy Smasher's walloping new movie serial is being made by Republic Pictures, the same company that gives you Captain Marvel and Gene Autry, so you can be sure it'll be a real sensation!
Spy Smasher soon will be smashing onto the screen all over the country. Ask your neighborhood movie manager if he's scheduling this marvelous serial.
And if he's not, fill out the coupon below and tell us. We'll do everything we can to bring Spy Smasher's movie to you.
YOUR VOTE MAY DECIDE!

Editor, SPY SMASHER
1501 Broadway, New York City

Dear Editor: I am very anxious to see the Spy Smasher movies but they are not being scheduled at my neighborhood theatre.

My Local Theatre is _____

Located At _____

My Name is _____ Age _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

If you prefer not to cut the coupon, send in the information on a postcard or letter.

WATCH FOR SPY SMASHER

A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN TWELVE EPISODES

SPY SMASHER

ELEANOR S. ROOSEVELT

DEAR ADMIRER

SALAM BOY SAPOR

The Sec

THESE SMASH STORIES INSIDE!

Vol. 1, No. 1 June 24, 1941

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SHIVER TO THIS WEIRD TALE!..A SPINE-FREEZING TURN CLAMMY WITH THE ICE-COLD HAND OF DEATH!

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SHIVER TO THIS WEIRD TALE!..A SPINE-FREEZING TURN CLAMMY WITH THE ICE-COLD HAND OF DEATH!

DEATH ITSELF... DREAD SCYTHE BEARING FIGURE WHOSE TERROR IS OLD AS TIME... STALKS AFIELD... AND PAYS HIS PERSONAL DOOM-DEALING VISITS UPON HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS, INVENTORS AND MILITARY EXPERTS!
DEATH ITSELF MUST DIE!!

OH, A SECRET MEETING IN WASHINGTON—
...AND I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC CAN BE WON — AND WON ONLY BY..
STOP! I COMMAND YOU!
LOOK! JUST LOOK!
CLOSE THAT DOOR. GOOD HEAVENS!

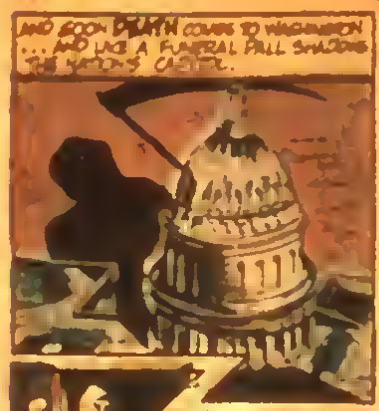
I AM DEATH! I HAVE COME FOR ADMIRAL THOMPSON!
GUARDS! GUARDS!
IT IS USELESS TO CALL YOUR GUARDS, ADMIRAL THOMPSON. I HAVE WORK TO DO AT THIS HOUR AND WILL NOT BE HINDERED
BUT, BUT SIR I'M NOT READY TO DIE! MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME. I MUST LIVE!
"THIS IS A JOKE" "THIS HOAX HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! UNMASK AND REVEAL YOURSELF, STRANGER"
"THIS IS NO HOAX ADMIRAL THOMPSON!"
"THE STRANGER... GONE!"
"THOMPSON HAS DIED!"
O-O-H! GNNGH!
I SAID YOU NEEDN'T COME THOMPSON
HE IS DYING!
AND IN THE PRIME OF LIFE, SIR JOHN THOMPSON DIES... DEATH COMES TO ADMIRAL THOMPSON!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!
DEATH CAME IN... IN PERSON!
NOTIFY CORONER AT ONCE!
FATHER, YOU ARE HOME SO EARLY... AND YOU LOOK WORRIED
YOU'RE PALE AS DEATH, ADMIRAL!
COME CHILDREN, LET US GO INTO THE LIBRARY
RUSHING HOME, ADMIRAL CORBY BEARS THE FANTASTIC NEWS TO HIS DAUGHTER AND HER FIANCE, ALAN ARMSTRONG
IT WAS THE MOST FANTASTIC AND UNBELIEVABLE SCENE I HAVE EVER WITNESSED!
AMAZING!
INCREDIBLE!
ALL RIGHT, DEATH... OR WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'M COMING!
I MUST LEAVE NOW, DEE... I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF FATHER, AND SEE THAT HE GETS A GOOD REST
"THAT STORY OF ADMIRAL CORBY'S... CALLS FOR SPY SMASHER!

HUH ... SO THIS IS WHERE THE MEETING TOOK PLACE... I MUST EXAMINE THE ROOM BEFORE THE BODY IS REMOVED!
...LOOKS AS THOUGH A BLOW-IF IN DOUBT MIGHT HAVE STRUCK HIM ... BUT THERE IS NO DUST ON THAT WOUND!
DEATH RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!
NOW, TOO BOLD GOV. GRAINGER MUST DIE! DEATH COMES TO ALL!
LORD GOV GRAINGER FOLLOW ME IF YOU DARE!
MR. GRAINGER SWINGS A PILE-DRIVING UPPER-CUT BUT...
I AM NO MORTAL ENEMY FOOL TO BE DESTROYED BY YOUR FISTS!
THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE LEAPS, APPARENTLY TO DOOM!

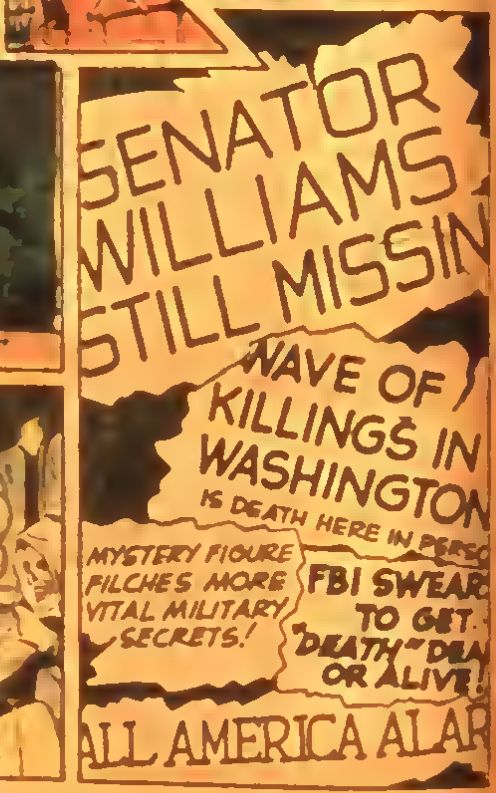
DEATH CAN HARDLY DIE! AND LIKE SOME MONSTER BAT OF DOOM, DEATH MAKES A GLIDING GETAWAY!
YOU BET I'LL FOLLOW YOU!..
...AND NAB YOU TOO...
A SPY CAR FOLLOWING WHOEVER DRIVER IS...
-EEE?
SPLAM!
DEATH, NOT ANGER, NEEDS ME
GRNGH!
...AND THROWS A NET
ENOUGH MORTAL, YOU DEFIED ME - AND YOUR BEHAVIOR WILL BE A FATE MORE AWFUL THAN DEATH ITSELF!
GOING YOU A STEP
BEFORE SPY GALLAGHER CAN ACT, DEATH'S BONY FINGERS CLUTCH HIS IN A THROTTLING GRIP

NEAR BECOMING UNCONSCIOUS, SPY SMASHER FINDS HIMSELF DEATH'S PRISONER, SURROUNDED BY THE FACE AND BODY-SCENE OF THE PIT !!
LET HIM DIE OF TORTURE! MAKE HIM SUFFER AS NO MAN EVER HAS!
NO, NO! I WON'T TELL!
THAT'S THE WAY! DON'T LET THEM GET YOU DOWN!

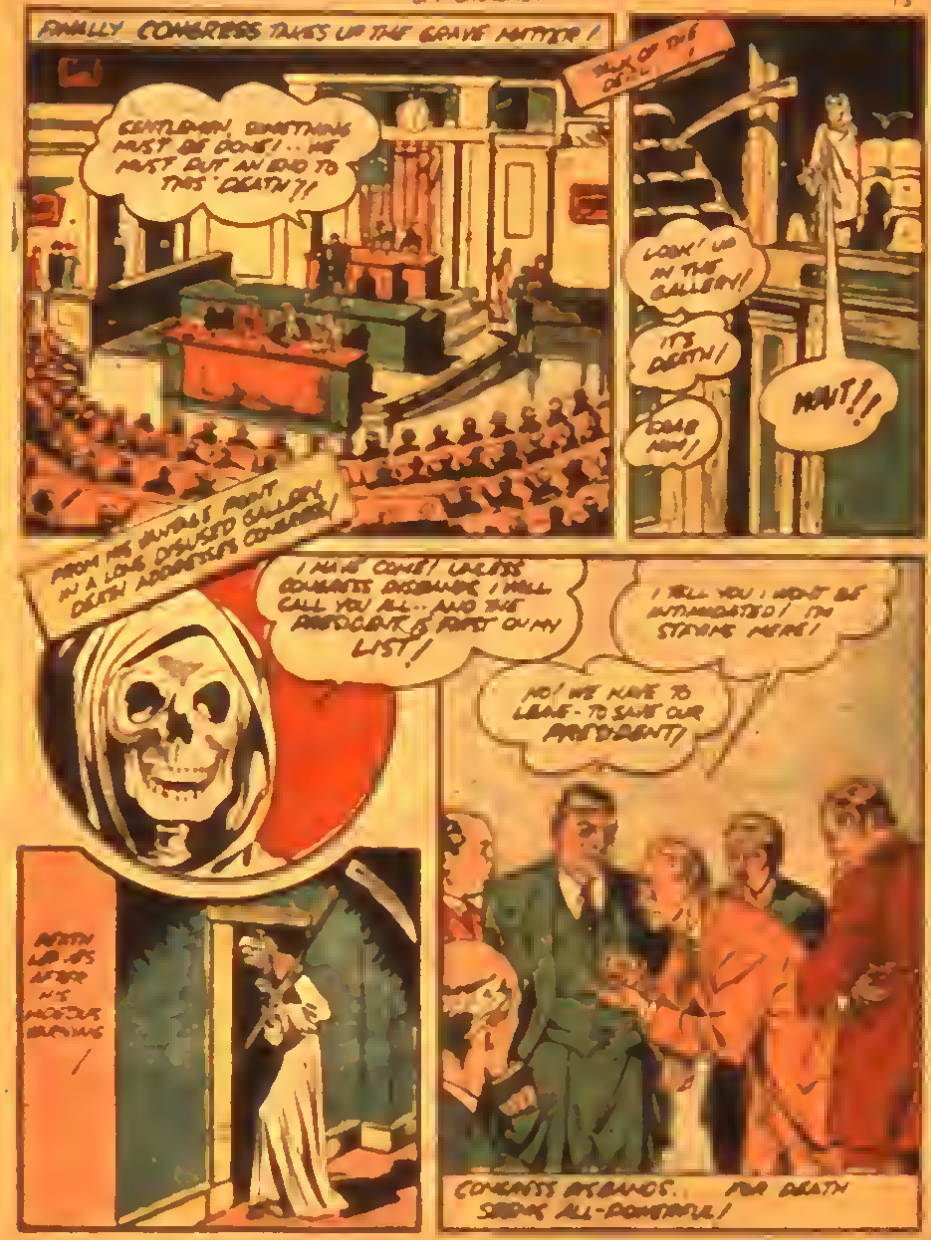

AND SOON DEATH COMES TO WASHINGTON ... AND LIKE A FUNERAL PALL SHADOWS THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

DEATH TAKES AN INTEREST IN CC GRACE ..
WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? A-A-A-A-A

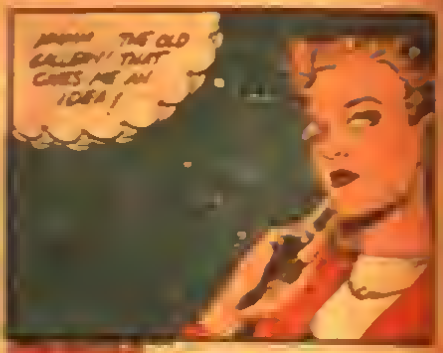
COME WITH ME!
AND SO 'G ON 'THE DOOR-STEPS OF WASH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS!

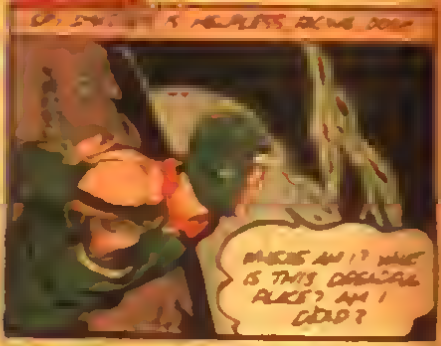

SENATOR WILLIAMS STILL MISSIN
WAVE OF KILLINGS IN WASHINGTON
IS DEATH HERE IN PERSO
MYSTERY FIGURE FILCHES MORE VITAL MILITARY SECRETS!
FBI SWEAR TO GET "DEATH" DEA OR ALIVE!
ALL AMERICA ALAR

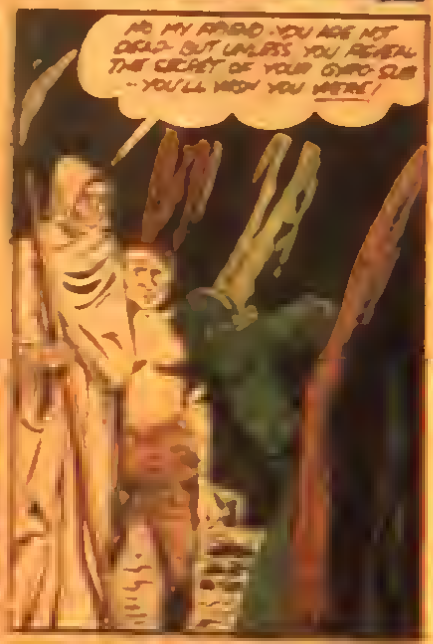
DEATH TAKES THE WHITE..!
THIS IS WHERE I TAKE OVER, SENATOR WILLIAMS!


FINALLY CONGRESS TAKES UP THE GRAVE MATTER!
GENTLEMEN, SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!.. WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS "DEATH"!!
TALK OF THE DEVIL!
LOOK! UP IN THE GALLERY!
IT'S DEATH!
COME HIM!
HALT!!
FROM HIS SKYDALE PERCH IN A LONG DEVASTATED GALLERY, DEATH ADDRESSES CONGRESS!
I HAVE COME! UNLESS CONGRESS DISBANDS, I SHALL CALL YOU ALL.. AND THE PRESIDENT IS FIRST ON MY LIST!
I TELL YOU, I WON'T BE INTIMIDATED! I'M STAYING HERE!
NO! WE HAVE TO LEAVE - TO SAVE OUR PRESIDENT!
WITH LIFE AS AFTER IT'S HORRIBLE BEGINNING
CONGRESS DISBANDS.. FOR DEATH SEEKS ALL-POWERFUL!

THAT EVENING IN HIS HOME ADMIRAL CORBY TELLS EVE THE BAD NEWS!
AND YOU SAY DEATH DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE OLD GALLERY?
YES, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE ANGLE SEDAN HAD GONE
ALSO! IF ONLY SPY SMASHER WOULD HELP US!


MMMM THE OLD GALLERY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!


SPY SMASHER IS HELPLESS IN THE POWER OF
BRRRRR AH!? WHAT IS THIS DIABOLICAL PLACE? AM I COLD?


NO MY FRIEND - YOU ARE NOT COLD- BUT UNLESS YOU REVEAL THE SECRET OF YOUR GYRO-CLUB - YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE!

BOO! OR ARE YOU SCARING ME?
YOU WON'T TALK? VERY WELL THEN! YOU WILL TASTE THE LASH, JUST TO START!

TRUE TO HIS THREAT, DEATH PUTS SPY SMASHER TO FINNISH TORTURE!
BUT EVE IS WORKING ON HER HUNCH!
I'M ALL RIGHT! NOW TO FIND SPY SMASHER

HOLY CLIPPERS! IT'S CC BAILEY... JUST SHOT AND A LITTLE UNCONSCIOUS, THAT'S ALL!
OW! YOU NEVER TELL ME NEVER!
"HERE HE IS! THE REACTS! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM AWAY!"
AT THE VERY INSTANT THAT HE'S ABOUT GIVING TOO DARED... PUL TO ENQUIRE, "HE CALLING THAT BIRD CRY GALLAGHER WAS SUDDENLY HEARD!
"HERE'S A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

ALL RIGHT— DEATH....
COME ON BOMB IF YOU DARE AND FIGHT!
WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU GUY
2- DEATH ACTS EXECUTING FORTH A DEADLY DART!

UGGH!
I'M GOING FOR YOU, DEATH!
THIS TIME I WON'T MISS YOU!

AT A THIRD TIME _ EVE CAUSES THE LOSS OF MR. CHALLENGER!
GET THOSE HANDS UP DEATH— OR YOU'LL BE DEAD NEXT!
NOW LET'S SEE WHO DEATH REALLY IS!
MAN— IS SOMEBODY YOU TODY!
DEATH IS A WOMAN!

HEIL HITLER!
SO THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO SOLDIER'S LITTLE HOME EXTRAS! NO MILITARY SECRETS FROM AMERICA! CLUTTER ENGLISH CLUTTER!
WELL, THEY'VE DIED FOR AMERICA BEFORE ALL!
"THEY" DIED FOR—BUT FOR AMERICA TO LIVE ALL OF US MUST BE ON THE ALERT—ALL THE TIME!!
SPY SMASHER SAYS WE WILL WIN THIS WAR IF EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN BUYS DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS!!

NEW!

DYNAMIC! FAST-MOVING! THE NEWEST AND GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE EVER TO HIT THE NEWSSTANDS!

A BRAND NEW WOW COMICS!

SEE MR. SCARLET and PINKY in a fast-moving adventure mystery!

SEE COMMANDO YANK, the greatest hero to emerge from war-torn Europe!

SEE the dashing hero PHANTOM EAGLE show the little yellow-bellies America's might!

...And don't miss SPOOKS! It will thrill you with chills and tickle you with laughs! **SPOOKS!**

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN

WOW

COMICS ON SALE *NOW!*

DON'T MISS IT!

SPY SMASHER
and The
TWO-FACED
KILLER!

I DON'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN UNTIL EVERYTHING GETTLED!
NO, GROGAN EVERYTHING IS NOT SETTLED
"HEH... THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" DO YOU WANT?
I CARE FOR THIS!
BANG!
SO LONG, GROGAN... SUGGS "HAT MAKES US EVEN!
DAILY ★ STAR
EXTRA
HENRY GROGAN MURDERED
EXTRA
GRAB GROGAN YOU DO THAT MAKES TWO

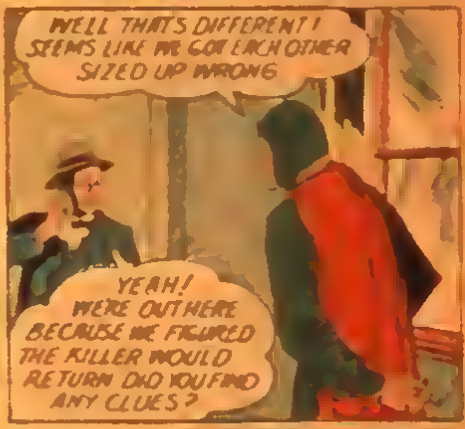
THE FIGURE PROVES TO BE THAT OF SPY SMASHER AND THE FRAMED TRAITOR AWAITS HIS SPLASH AND FEVERISH SEARCH FOR THE KILLER
ALL QUIET--- NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED SINCE THE POLICE INVESTIGATED
WHA---
HMMM- WHAT HAVE WE HERE? SEEMS AS THOUGH THE POLICE MISSED A CLUE!
WOW! AN I.O.U.! NOW WE'RE REALLY GETTING PLACES!
to Henry Brogan from Wil
I.O.U.
$1000-
WE SURE ARE GETTING PLACES BUB! SUPPOSIN' YOU TURN AROUND- WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU BOYS WANT AND WHO YOU ARE?
LISTEN TO HIM! WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, FUNNY MAN, AND FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE YOU CAN ANSWER THEM!
BEFORE MY TRIGGER FINGER GETS ITCHY- AND BEFORE I START BLASTING JUST WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

AH, YES! I AM MEMBER NOW I'M SANTA CLAUS! I BRING OUT PRESENTS!
PRESENTS, EH? WHAT KIND OF PRESENTS?
OUUUUW!
THWACK!
THIS KIND OF PRESENT!
DIDJA SEE THAT? HE CLONKED CAGEY!
BANG
GET 'IM!
I'LL KNOCK HIS HEAD IN!
WHEW! THAT'S TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
LOOK OUT— HE'S THROWING A CHAIR!
RIGHT DOWN THE ALLEY!
YOOOOW!
CRASH

ONLY ONE MAN COULD DO THAT BOYS! SPY SMASHER!

THAT'S RIGHT MR GUN-TOTER! AND NOW I'M GOING TO ROCK YOU TO SLEEP..
NO--NO! YOU GOT US WRONG! WE'RE NOT CROOKS--BUT PRIVATE DETECTIVES!

WHAT? PRIVATE DETECTIVES?
SURE THING SPY SMASHER! WE'RE OUT TO SOLVE THIS CASE!


WELL THAT'S DIFFERENT! SEEMS LIKE WE GOT EACH OTHER SIZED UP WRONG
YEAH! WE'RE OUT HERE BECAUSE WE FIGURED THE KILLER WOULD RETURN DID YOU FIND ANY CLUES?

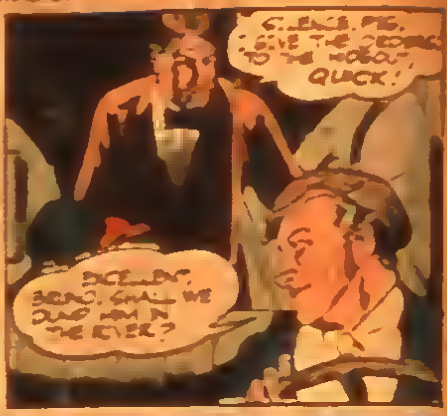
SURE THING FELLOWS! BUT I'M KEEPING ALL MY CLUES

WELL WHATTTH YA KNOW?
THAT GUY MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING!
BYE NOW!

NOW TO GET AFTER THE REAL KILLER AGAIN! AND THAT I O.U. CLUE WILL PROBABLY LEAD TO A HORNET'S NEST!
BUT THE KILLER HAS RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
I'LL HAVE TO RUN THAT ONE OUT! NO USE MAKING A CLAY PIGEON OF MYSELF.
KEN ENLARGES HIS HIDING PLACE BY REMOVING PANELS FROM THE BACK OF THE CLOSET FOR AN OPEN DOOR
TWO CAN PLAY THE GAME OF CLOSETS!
CURSES! HE DISAPPEARED!

OH NO HE HASN'T!
WHAAAT?
SOCK!
DON'T LIKE PLAYING TARGET AND DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO TRY TO USE ME FOR TARGET PRACTICE
NOW TALK! WHY HERE? OH OH! O, COLD! SHOULDER HIT SO HARD
GOT TO GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE QUICK!
TAXI! TAXI!
MY FRIEND HERE HAS A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK TO WHA- INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS PLEASE.
HEY DRIVER. YOU'RE NOT GOING IN THE DIRECTION OF WHA- INTELLIGENCE!

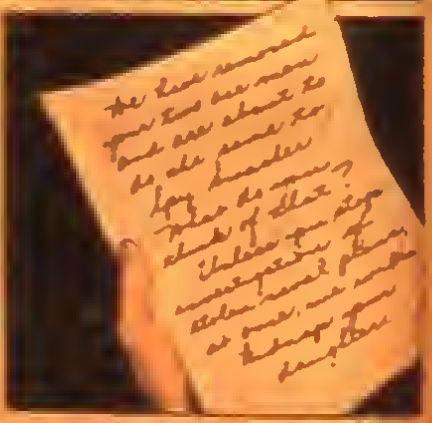
CLUNK!

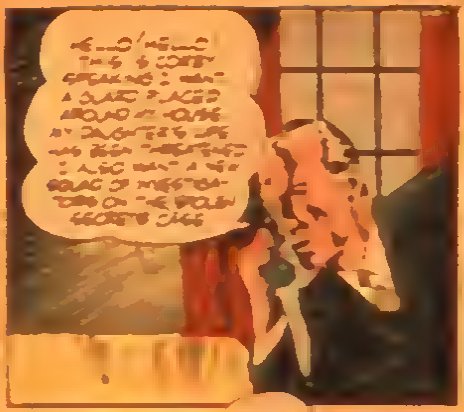

CLERK, PIG, GIVE THE CROOK TO THE HOBO! QUICK!
EXCELLENT, BOSS! SHALL WE DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER?

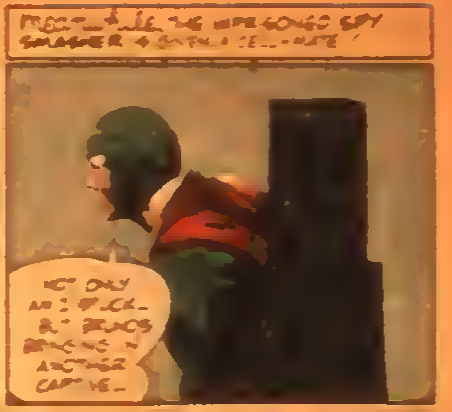
MAN! WE SPY SMASHER AGENTS HAVE COME TO BE! THAT'S GOOD! SO, CAN YOU EVEN TWO NOT! HAVE PERMITS FOR ACTUAL CORPSE!

YOU RAT! I'D NEVER SIGN ANY-THING FOR YOU!

HELLO! I WONDER WHERE THIS STRANGE NOTE CAME FROM?


the last moment for the new
to be sure to
long
what to
think of that?
Unless you stop
meddling
or me, we will
keep you
another


HELLO? HELLO! THIS IS COREY SPEAKING! WHAT A QUEER PLACED AROUND MY HOUSE MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED! I AM NOT A MEMBER OF MISSION-TOWN ON THE BROWN HOSPITAL CASE


MEANWHILE, THE WISE GONGO SPY SMASHER & CAPTAIN MARVEL ARRIVE
NOT ONLY AM I BLACK-BY BLACKS BRINGING IN ANOTHER CAPTIVE-

IT'S EVE!
THE ADMIRAL COREY'S WONGO DAUGHTER EVE-AGED TO ESCAPE SO WE UNITED HER. BEFORE POLICE GUARDS ARRIVE!

I SEE IF NOW-BACK TO BACK WITH HER GREAT HERO, CAPTAIN MARVEL!
HA, HA, HA!

IT'S OK. I'M NICE TO SEE YOU BACK.

6 THE NEXT MOON THE GIRLS PREPARE A QUICK BATH FOR THEIR TIRED HEROES.
HE SAID HE'D BE BACK!

GAS!
HE'S LOOSE!
HELLO, GENTS!
TOO BAD -- YOU LOSE!

YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO WAIT FOR A GOOD-BY FROM SOMEONE, HA HA!

AT CORDING OFFICE
EVEN IF LOOK--- AGAIN POINTED AT DOOR'S BACK!

SPY SMASHER'S

IS THIS A JOKE?
WHAT GUNMAN?

BUT HE TOUCH OF HIS THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN ON...

NOT MUCH ADMIRAL, BUT I'M CONVINCED IT'S AN INSIDE JOB! SOMEONE IN YOUR OWN DEPARTMENT DID HE KILLING!
WHAT? WHILE OUT A SPY OF OUR OWN WILLINGLY QUICKLY!
YES SIR
JUST AS THOUGH... THE MACHINETTING IS IDENTICAL ON BOTH
OR WHAT DO BRAINY FRIEND?
A GUN!
... OF MURDER AND SABOTAGE WILLIAM.
... OR BRUNO!
THAT'S HOW HE WAS ABLE TO STEAL THE NAVAL SECRETS SO EASILY! ONE TIME HE TIPPED HIS HAND! HE MACHINETTED ON THE LOU TO BRUCAN AS WELL AS BOTH! HE TRIED TO BLAME BRUCAN WHO FOUND HIM OUT SO HE MURDERED BRUCAN... BUT FORGOT TO REMOVE THE INCRIMINATING NOTE!
YES AND BRUNO PLAYED A CLEVER GAME BY TYPING A NOTE TO HIMSELF... SPY SMASHER!
IT'S AN AMAZING CASE, ADMIRAL
MORE ADVENTURES OF SPY SMASHER NEXT MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS!

Thrilling
SPY
TALES
HALT!

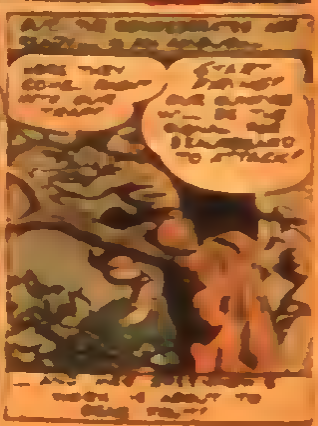
HEY, BOSS! HI!
THE HEADQUARTERS IS YOURS! HURRY!

MICHAEL, BROTHER!

TAKE ME TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!
WHAT'S THAT? — GENERAL — A PRISONER?
THAT MAKES ME LOOK LIKE THE REAL BOSS! A TRAITOR, SIR!

WHERE'S THE TRAITOR SHOT OF ANYTHING — IN MY HAIR?

THE CRAFTY ATTACK WILL CATCH THE CONFEDERACY FOR ALL TIME!
BUT THERE ARE THE MACHINES AND WE ARE OUTNUMBERED!


HERE THEY COME, BOSS! WE'RE OUT NUMBERED!
SCARE THEM! OUR SOLDIERS WILL BE THE OPPOSITE! THEY'RE DISORGANIZED! NO ATTACK!

HOT AND HEAVY!
AHHH
TO VICTORY!!
AHHH

HELL RUN
CHANCELLORSVILLE
EH?
I SUGGEST YOU ACCOMPANY ME AND QUIETLY!

THOSE WERE CORRECT THE SECRET PLANS OF THE WHITE HAT RESISTANCE CUTTING THIS WILL START THE CONFUSION NECESSARY TO THE SUCCESS OF MY PLAN!
YOU'RE BEAT, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

A HALF HOUR LATER... AT THE HOME OF MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN...

WELL, MR. SINCLETON— WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY HOME?
WOULD YOU WALK WITH ME AROUND THE GARDEN? I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS SOMETHING WITH YOU!

JUST THEN...

MR. SINCLETON— YOUR PLANS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AND WILL BE USED AS A COUNTERFEIT!
CAN WE BEFORE WE GO... I'D APPLY A LITTLE POWDER TO MY FACE!

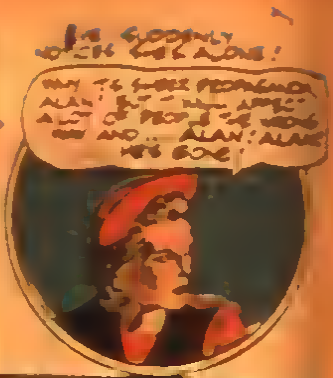
I'm THAT MUCH RICHER!
YOU WIN, CADY
I'D RATHER BE A LIVE COP THAN A DEAD GENIUS!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT DEAD, TOO!
THE ROUTUP
A GOOD SOLDIER OBEYS HIS SUPERIORS AND
CAPTAIN!
I'M SORRY TO DO THIS
I'M NOT PLEASED HERE
A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE
"...THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."

SPY SMASHER

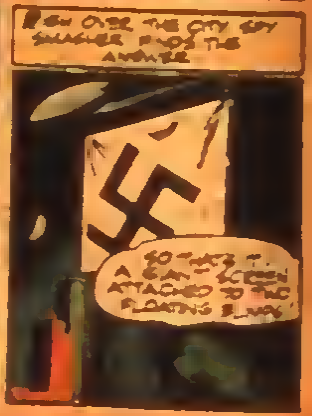
SPY SMASHER
AGENT SPY HUNTER, SECRET SERVICE AGENT AT LARGE FOR AMERICA SMASHER
TO ARMS AND TOIL IN THE CAUSE OF CLEANING AMERICA—BY DESTROYING THE MOBS!
WELL—WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING UNDER MY ROOM?
I'M STUDYING FOR MY EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS!

THE TRAIN ZOOMS INTO A LONG DARK TUNNEL IN THE MOUNTAIN
AHA! THIS IS IT!
IN THE GLOOMY DARKNESS A PAIR OF MASKED EYES CATCHES THE FIRST AGENT MARKER
"EH? WHERE YOU TRYIN'... UGH!
"HE MUST BE YOU TRYIN' AND YOU MUST BE FRENO
A PAIR OF MASKED EYES AND THESE MARKERS SHOULD BE ENOUGH!
AND UNKNOWN TO THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS WHO HAVE BEEN KNOCKED IN THE DARK A FIGURE DROPS DOWN FROM THE TRAIN!
I'M FREE!
LUCKILY MY NECK ISN'T BROKEN, ONE MUST FIGHT THAT AT TIMES FOR THE FATHERLAND AND NOW, AMERICA—YOU WILL ONCE AGAIN HEAR FROM AMERICA SMASHER!
A YOUNG LADY AND ADMIRAL CODY BOND OF THE U.S.A. INTELLIGENCE HAVE A TALK OF RELIEF WHILE ALONE TO THE DAUGHTER EVE AND HER FIANCE ALAN ARMSTRONG.
NOT A THING HAS HAPPENED SINCE AMERICA SMASHER ESCAPED FROM THE TRAIN WHAT A RELIEF! I HAVE AN IDEA HE LEFT THE COUNTRY FOR GOOD!
I WONDER ACTUALLY...
AH—WHAT NEW MENACE HAS DESCENDED TO WREAK HAVOC AT AMERICA? WHAT DARK DAYS LIE AHEAD?

BLITZKRIEG!

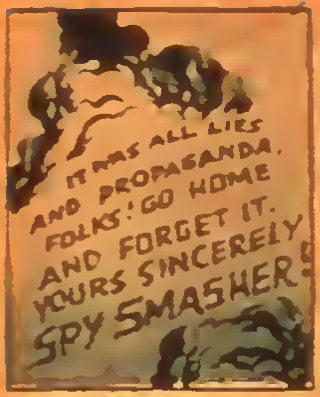


YES, ALAN ARMSTRONG IS GONE! VANISHED — AND IN HIS PLACE IS SPY SMASHER — THAT HERO-SPY HUNTER — AND TOGETHER LARRY TRACES DOWN ENEMY SABOTEURS



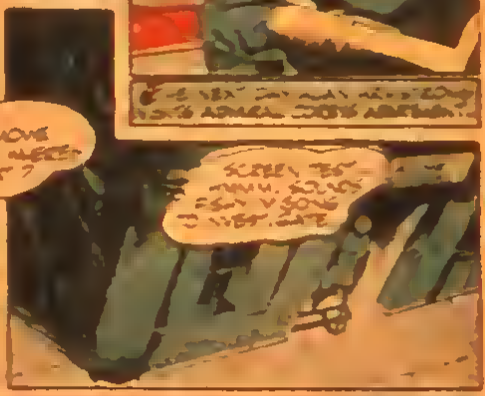
HA HA IT'S AWESOME! THE COMMUNISTS AMERICANS ARE ALREADY GOING INTO A PANIC OVER FUEHRER CONQUEROR HALL OF EUROPE BY SHOWING THESE FILMS HERE... AND WHEN MARCHING IN WHILE THEY WERE SCARED BOTH!
MEANWHILE IN A TOWER BELOW REICH-WING A MOVIE PROJECTOR SHINES THE IMAGES UP TO THE HUGE MARBLE SCREEN.....
AND THE GAPING STUNNED CROWDS BELOW SEE A HUGE NAILED FIST THREATENING THEM
SOME SORT OF TRICK TO PUT THE SCARE ON... MY NAILED FIST! FOR THAT'S WHAT THEY... BUT SOON!
THE GYRO-S.S SPY SMASHER'S UP THERE!
BUT SUDDENLY SOMETHING LIKE BITS OF THE NAILED FIST... A STRANGE SHAPE WELL KNOWN TO AMERICA'S MILLIONS!
THE GYRO-S.S PERFORMS A GYRATION THAT ENCIRCLES THE SCREEN AND THE TWO BLINK!
THAT STOPS THAT! NOW TO FIND THE PROJECTOR AND WHOEVER'S OPERATING IT! I'LL FOLLOW THE LIGHT BEAM DOWN BEFORE THEY TURN IT OFF!

LOCKING HIS CONTROLS SPY SMASHER MAKES A DARING LEAP TO THE TOWER BALCONY
AMERICA SMASHER!
SPY SMASHER!
OUTA TH' WAY, FELLAS
WELL... ANYWAY IT WAS USELESS TRYING TO LEAVE THEIR APPARATUS. I'LL JUST PUT A CRIMP IN THEIR PROPAGANDA BY MAKING THIS MESSAGE ON A PIECE OF BLANK FILM...
AMERICA SMASHER... EARS A PARACHUTE...
CAUGHT ME NAPPING THIS TIME, EH?
MY ESCAPES ARE PRE-ARRANGED HA HA.
MIGHT'VE KNOWN YOU WERE BEHIND THIS AMERICA SMASHER! LET'S BEGIN WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST TIME...
DOLT!
...AND SMASHING IT AGAINST THOSE CLOUDS RATHER PUFFY... BUT I'M DO.


IT WAS ALL LIES AND PROPAGANDA, FOLKS! GO HOME AND FORGET IT. YOURS SINCERELY SPY SMASHER

AT LAST AMERICA SMASHER SHOWED HIS HAND — AND IN A WAY AND MANNER WHY THAT PROPAGANDA CONTINUED UNCHECKED WAS MORE THAN ALL — HE'D SMASHED IT FOREVER! NOW IT'S SMASHER WAS ON THE JOB AT LAST!
GUESS HE ALWAYS BE ON THE JOB AGAIN IN THE — WHERE'S EVE?
THE NEXT DAY MARY MEETS EVE AT ADMIRAL COBB'S APARTMENT

EVE? OH SHE GOT A CALL FROM THE ACME MOVIE STUDIO TO TAKE A SCREEN TEST. SHE'S QUITE ME—ED DEER —
ACME MOVIE STUDIO. WHERE'S THAT?
CORNER OF SIXTEENTH AND MAZARET

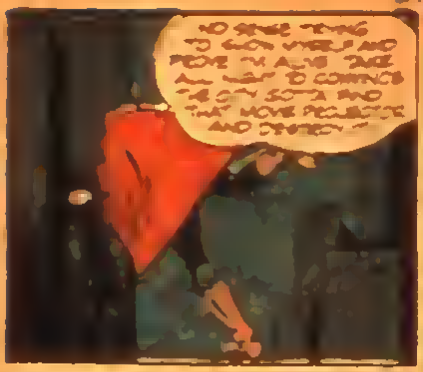

SCREEN TEST HMMM. SOUNDS LIKE EVE'S GOING TO MEET GATE

ACME MOVIE STUDIO
AS SPY SMASHER!
A QUICK CHANGE HERE AND...

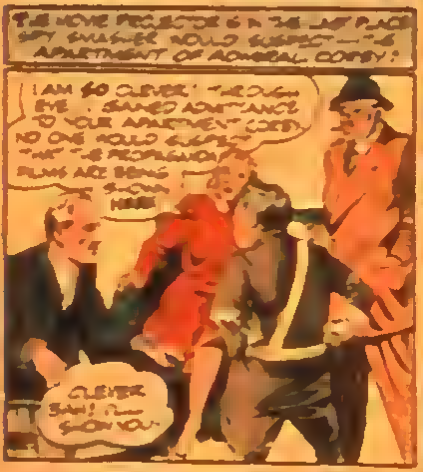
NOTHING KNOWS SPY SMASHER THAT HE'S WALKING INTO THE JAWS OF A TRAP!
SPY SMASHER HAS COME!
EVEN HE'D COME AND EVE COULDN'T IMAGINE QUICK DEATH BEHIND THE DOOR!

A POWERFUL BLOW ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND KNOCKS SPY SMASHER OUT
UGH!
I'LL BE GOOD—IF I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A POWERFUL BLOW BEHIND MY NECK! FOLD MY ARMS ACROSS MY CHEST—SO.
AND WE TAKE A PICTURE!—IT IS A PRICELESS FILM THE DEATH OF SPY SMASHER HAHA!—IT WILL BE FLASHED TO ALL THE COUNTRY
AND MY SMARTEST MOVE OF ALL NOW WHAT IS TO STOP THE FILMS FROM A PLACE NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT! NOBODY IN THE WORLD!
THE SPY SMASHER STRIKES A FIRE BELOW
AND JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD WE LEAVE HIM IN A BURNING ROOM! COME ON NOW WE ARE NEED TO SEND OUR PERFORMANCE NO NO, I AM SMART!
NOW WHAT A LUCK WALKED INTO LUCKY FOR WITH THE BLOW A PIECE SHOVEL TO SMASH MY NECK FROM BEING SNAPPED!
HEY! FIRE!
TWICE HAS DEATH CLAIMED SPY SMASHER AND TWICE HAS DEATH BEEN FOILED! AND SPY SMASHER COMES TO LIFE IN A BURNING ROOM

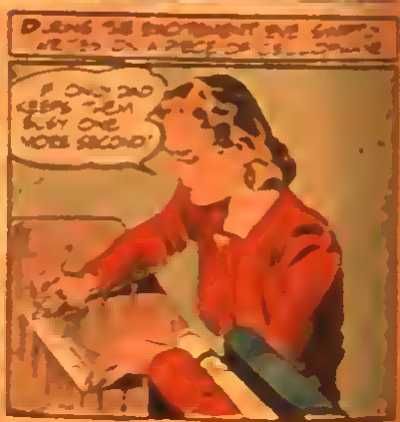
SPY SMASHER IS DEAD! NOW YOUR LAST HOPE IS GONE AMERICA! SIGN A TREATY WITH THE DICTATOR!


NO SENSE TRYING TO SNOOP AROUND AND PROVE I'M A SPY! TAKE ALL NIGHT TO CONVINCE THE CITY SCOTTA FIND THAT MOVIE PROJECTOR AND DESTROY IT!

BUT WHERE IS IT? IT MIGHT BE IN ANY ONE OF A DOZEN BUILDINGS! EACH ONE OF 'EM A THOUSAND ROOMS!


THE MOVIE PROJECTOR IS IN THE LAST PLACE SPY SMASHER WOULD SUSPECT — THE APARTMENT OF ADMIRAL COSBY!
I AM SO CLEVER! THROUGH EVE, I GAINED ADMITTANCE TO YOUR APARTMENT, COSBY! NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THAT THE PROJECTION FILMS ARE BEING SHOWN HERE!
CLEVER, SAH! I'LL SHOW YOU!

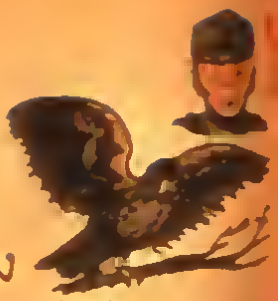
ADMIRAL COSBY BRAVELY PUTS UP A FIGHT!
HELP ME, ALL OF YOU! TAKE HIM DOWN!


DURING THE EXCITEMENT EVE GARRETT HAS TO DO A PIECE OF ACROBATICS!
I ONLY HAD TIME TO SEE TWO OF THEM BUT ONE WORE A BEARD!

AT OUR PLACE, SPY SMASHER! Come QUICKLY EVE!
SPY SMASHER! YOU? YOU'RE DEAD—!
HALLUP!
IF I'M DEAD WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR AMERICA SMASHER—
WE WON'T LET AMERICA SMASHER DIE OUT OF OUR HANDS—IS THE SPY SMASHER.
SEE THAT YOU DON'T ADMIRAL ANOTHER WEEK OF THIS PROPAGANDA FILM AND NO TRUTHS THAT MIGHT BE AIDING THE AMERICAN MORALE
SPY SMASHER

The CHINESE PHEASANT

BY PAUL SINDERSON



A VIOLENT storm raged. Lightning leaped up the sky as the huge brown stone house. The house was dark and deserted, for the black night. It stood in the heart of a fashionable residential district of the city, a commanding landmark of brick, stone and a decaying medieval mansion.

Barry opened a small door at the side of the house he approached. He did so as it really looking under the window shadows of overgrown trees and looking over the grounds.

When suddenly the big house lit, he did not know. A few hours ago a British naval attaché had been found murdered. He had been robbed of vital papers containing part of the Allied plans for naval strategy. He had been poisoned, the police had declared, but the only suspects were three small Chinese members on the left shoulder.

Had a ring of spies committed the murder? Who now had possession of those papers? Barry Lennox was on a mission these questions. And the trail had so mysteriously led to the apparently deserted house.

He reached the small side door and stopped a moment to listen. No sound reached his ears. Satisfied, he carefully tried the door. It was locked. He reached into his pocket for his picklocks, slipped in skillfully and the lock gave. A dark room opening the lock.

Inside, the blackness was total. Hurry, made the mild of shadows long suspected, of course which had gone unheard for years. But the door had opened with not a sound, now, under his careful hand, a creaking shriek shrilly, and the lock clicked home with a sound that was barely perceptible even to his sensitive ears.

Every hooky door, Lennox took out of his pocket a tiny flashlight and flicked on. Finally the room about him. He was in a broad hall. Colorful carpeting ran across the floor, and on the walls were hung a number of fine paintings. At the end of the hall was a doorway. Two doors were hanging—sliding doors, apparently made, leading to a large room on his right, standing partly open.

Suddenly Barry Lennox crouched low to the floor. Softly and all his little flashlight, he looked over the room beyond. It was the hall, was in darkness. But the darkness was not complete, for under another door, on the left side of the room, a crack of light appeared. Yes Lennox knew that as I shot down through one of the windows of the old house, for he had remembered it carefully before entering, and he had seen nothing. Now, as he stepped silently through the doorway, the light went out as a low whistle.

Upon guessing, but certain that some unseen eyes were upon him, he entered the room. At the door he stopped, for one moment, to catch even the slightest sound. But there was no sound except that of the rain and wind beating the house in a deep a wee dense stillness.

He knew was proceeding with extreme care for the hall was dimly lit by the open door of the room he had entered. Suddenly, as he stood there, he heard a faint sound behind him. He turned quickly. The light reappeared. The door was open. Barry Lennox stood there, his face illuminated by the light from a chandelier behind him. He took one long stride into the room and looked about. The room was empty!

The light came from a shaded lamp in the far corner of a round table. The five chairs which circled the mahogany table to disorder were the only other furniture in the room. Barry's glance shot to the windows. They were draped with heavy black curtains. So this was why he could see no light from the outside!

He thought the room was devoid of any sign of life, he was just about to complete sight of a strange thing. Across the room on the ceiling of the ceiling fan, there, perched a pheasant. A Chinese pheasant! Its gleaming eyes followed his every move. The solitary, gaudy bird, sitting in the vacant room on a night that had not been fixed as in years, was an extraordinary sight to Lennox's eyes.

WARILY he moved toward it. But two steps was as far as he traveled. Something struck him on the head, he nearly everything went black.

When he recovered at one consciousness, he was lying instantly to one of the chairs. Dazedly, he looked up. Three Japanese stood before him! They were grinning slightly, nodding silently to one another. Quick he looked around. He was a fool to have walked into such a trap! Obviously, as he turned the door knob slowly. A gentle push brought the door toward him easily. The light widened. The quickly he flung the door wide. His fists landed whipped on one man's from a shoulder blow. He took one long stride into the room and looked about. The room was empty!

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behind! But the Japanese were good at that.

"Be sorry to have been so opposed to strike you," the middle Japanese grinned. His English was smart. "Americans blunder into things so easily that sometimes we must take measures."

"That's a nice genteel way to put it," Steve commented dryly, "and a very quiet place we have here."

"It serves our purposes," the Japanese replied. "You are the first to venture here. It is unfortunate—for you."

"I came because I figured you'd need my help — for a price, of course," Steve said. "You obtained possession of some secret papers of the Allied powers tonight. Don't ask me how I know. I just do. But those papers aren't worth a yen to you unless you have the code to unravel them. I can supply that code — for five thousand dollars."

Steve could see his shot took effect. The Japanese were mute and unmoving.

"You perhaps think you are clever," the same Japanese remarked. "But surely you do not think to be foolish as to take you literally."

"Of course not," Steve admitted. "But without proof, I'm no fool either. Untie me for a minute and I'll show you."

"And how do we know that this is not merely a ruse?" the little Japanese wanted to know.

"You don't. But the gamble is worth taking. And besides, are you afraid that three of you won't handle me, in case I am lying?"

"I am not afraid of that," the Japanese said blandly. "Because we have a formidable ally." He pointed to the Chinese phonetics, still perched on the mantel. "The Chinese phonetics is very well trained. A word from me and he would fly at you so quickly your eyes could not follow his flight. And he does not like very cheap."

"Well, then—how about it?"

"Very well," the spokesman said, after a few seconds. "Only you remember that if you try any clever American antics, your life will be worthless."

He motioned to the men on his left. The Japanese stalked down, and quickly cut and untied Steve. Slowly Steve felt the blood flow briskly again. He stood up and the strength came back to his powerful body.

"Now, my friend, We are ready to discuss business. Where is the code?"

"This is my code!" Steve barked. With a lightning movement, he jammed behind the Japanese who had untied him and pressed the smaller man with two guns. His free hand leveled an automatic at the other men.

"One more out of either of you and I drill a new hole through you," Steve said evenly. "And in case you get any funny ideas, your friend here will stop any bullet or knife you send my way."

"What do you want?" the spokesman asked. "We're willing to pay you if you have the information we need."

"You got it," Steve replied, "but it's Uncle Sam's prosperity, in case you're interested. I'm his special agent, sent out to find the murderers of our British friend and those papers you robbed him of."

At that moment Steve felt a cool hand grab his wrist. While one Japanese robot happened, he felt himself hurtling through the air. He landed hard against one of the chairs near dozen feet away. He quickly recovered, rose and surveyed them.

As he did so, the three Japanese took a step toward him. One of them held a gun. In a flaming glance, he saw his own automatic on the floor slightly out of reach.

"That was not very clever of you," the Japanese remarked. He grinned evilly as Steve gave. "You seem to have forgotten that a Japanese undoubtedly would have friends."

Steve cursed himself silently. "It seems you are right, my little Nipponese friends." Then he added in a shout: "But I'm not finished!"

He sidled on the chair and leaped in to the Japanese holding the gun, smoothly that he caught the man off guard. The other let loose wildly in the middle with a crashing sound and he fell headforemost. The gun clattered to the floor.

At the same instant, Steve leaped for the other man. A hard right hook thumped at one. He turned to deal with the spokesman. But then Steve's left knee was sore shot. He met Steve with a dull consternation upon which vanished all the fight.

As he did so, the Japanese spoke a sharp word. Steve grappled with him trying to get a crushing hold, slowly aware of a flutter of wings. Instinctively Steve ducked. The flurry of wings went by in a flash.

The Japanese uttered a low, sharp scream and vanished in his, dissolving to the floor. Instantly, Steve dived for his automatic. He turned, bringing it up. His eyes caught the shadow of wings. He shook quickly, but quickly, and fired. The Chinese phonetics fell to the floor a yard from where he screamed.

Steve whirled to face the third Japanese again, and he eagerly stepped, running. For the unfortunate spokesman was lying on the floor too to be had fallen, quite still. Wearily Steve commanded him and knelt over, looking his gun ready. But the Jap was not threatening, he was dead.

And then Steve noticed three small pointed arrowhead in the man's chest, doggedly sticking there.

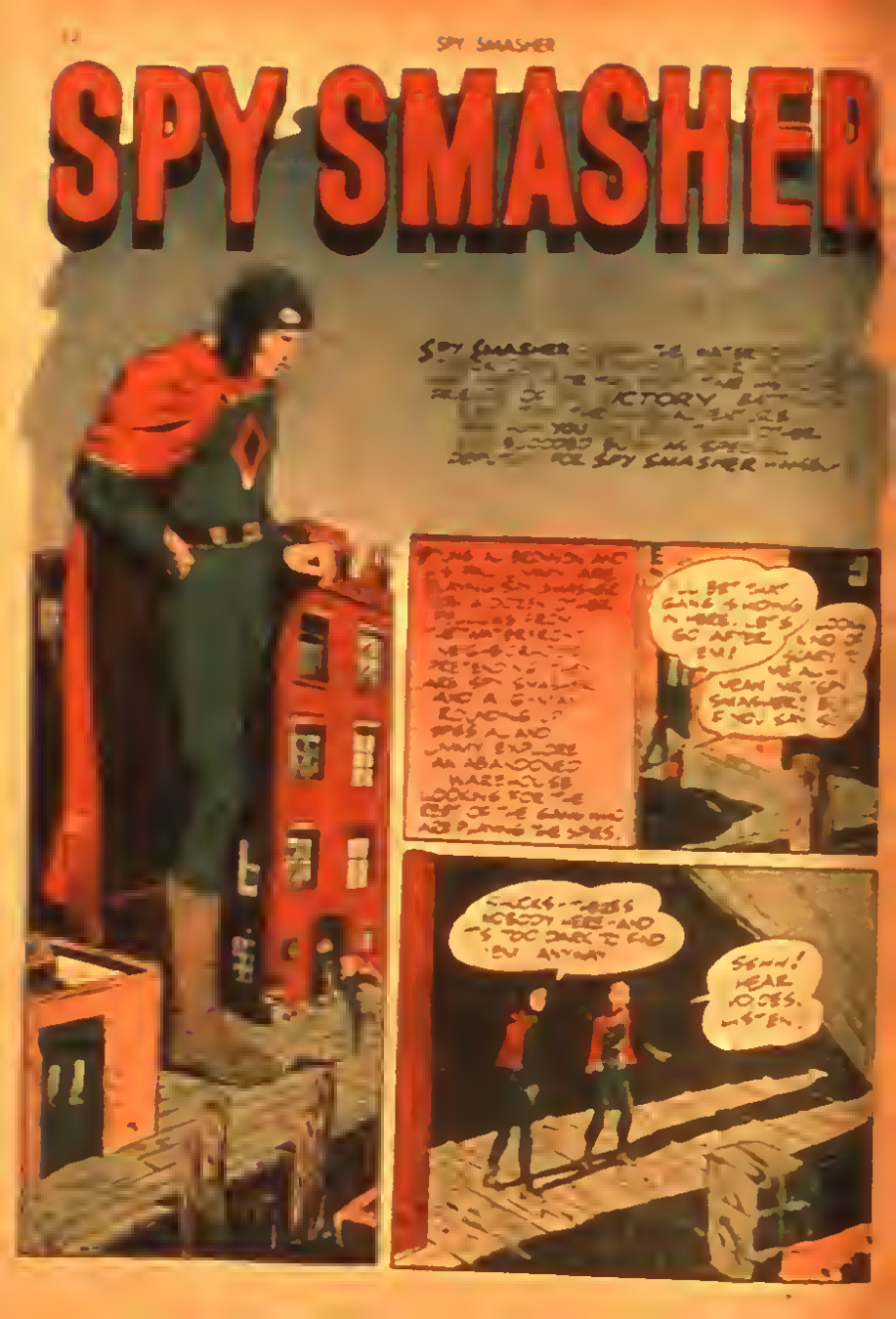
"He don't love the English—one was killed," he commented. "The phonetic's done some poisoned!" He glanced briefly at the dead bird, with a new interest.

A moment later Steve Lawton ended into his pocket the stolen papers recovered from the dead Japanese.

"Uncle Sam will be glad to get these back," he said quietly. "And it's good to know that for once—and it won't be the last time, either—you smoke got a dose of your own poison!"

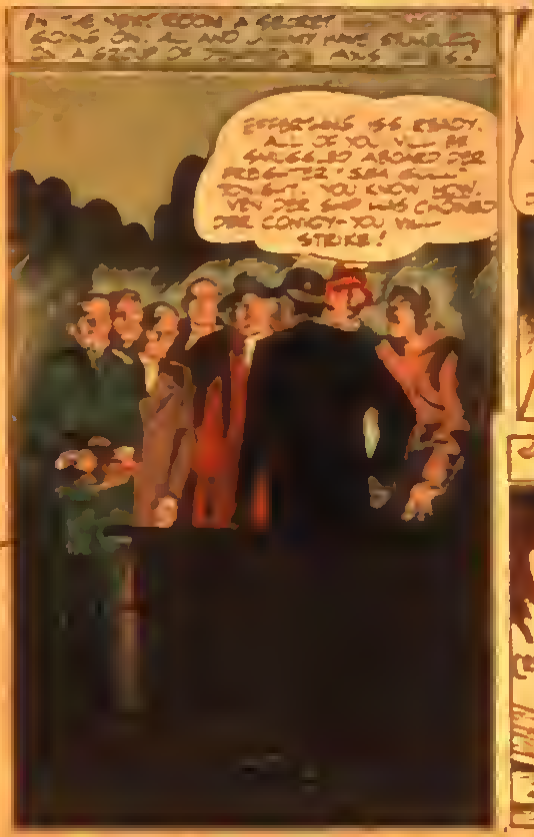
The End

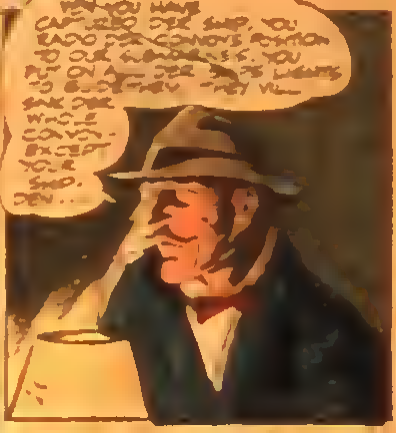
SPY SMASHER

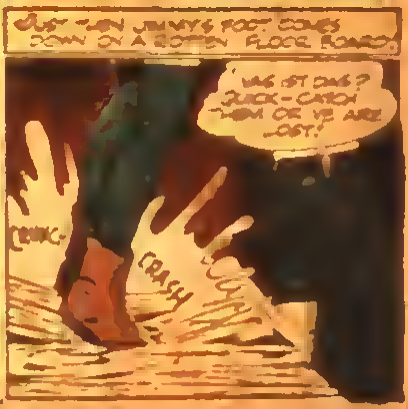

SPY SMASHER
VICTORY
YOU
FOR SPY SMASHER
AND A
AND
AN ABANDONED
LOOKING FOR THE
AND PLANNING THE SPIES.
SHHH! HEAR VOICES. LISTEN.

DO YOU HEAR THAT? WHOEVER'S TALKING HAS GOT A THICK GERMAN ACCENT!
NOW, DO OUR PART—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SPY SMASHER, WE MUST BE QUIET AND ACT NATURAL. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.


IN THE NEXT ROOM A SECRET MEETING IS GOING ON. ALL OF THE NAZI SPIES ON A GROUP OF THEM ARE THERE.
EFFORTLESS IS READY. ALL OF YOU WILL BE CARRIED ABOARD THE FREIGHTER "SAN DIEGO" TONIGHT. YOU KNOW HOW. WHEN THE SHIP HAS CROSSED THE CONVOY-YOU WILL STRIKE!

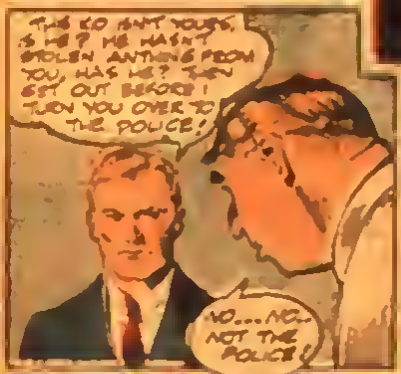

WHEN YOU HAVE CAPTURED THE SHIP, YOU RADIO THE CONVOY'S POSITION TO OUR SUBMARINES. YOU PUT ON A SIGNAL LIGHTS TO BLOCK-THEY WILL SINK THE WHOLE CONVOY-EXCEPT YOUR SHIP. DEN...


JUST THEN JIMMY'S FOOT COMES DOWN ON A ROTTEN FLOOR BOARD.
WAS IST DAS? QUICK-CATCH THEM OR WE ARE LOST!
CRASH

WHOEVER YOU ARE - YOU WON'T GET AWAY WE HAVE YOUR PEDRO - AND IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH OUR PLANS - HE DIES!
OUCH! THE MATCH BURNS MY FINGER.
YOU WON'T CATCH ME, YOU BIG LUG.
JUST THEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE COMES WALKING DOWN THE STREET IT'S ALAN ARMSTRONG, WEALTHY VIRGINIA SPORTSMAN WHO IS REALLY THE ONE AND ONLY SPY SMASHER!
HELP! THIS GUY AFTER ME IS-
WHAT'S THIS? HE'S DRESSED IN AN IMITATION OF MY SPY SMASHER DISGUISE!

HOLD ON THERE! WHO'S CHASING YOU ... AND WHY?
THAT GUY, BECAUSE I FOUND OUT HE'S A SPY!

OUT OF MY WAY, MISTER. YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS - I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS KID
IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF YOU'D TAKE VERY NICE CARE OF HIM!


THIS KID AIN'T YOURS, IS HE? HE HASN'T STOLEN ANYTHING FROM YOU, HAS HE? THEN GET OUT BEFORE I TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!
NO... NO- NOT THE POLICE!

OKAY, MISTER- SKIP IT. BUT YOU- YOU YOUNG SQUIRT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU SQUEALED!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHAT WAS THAT GORILLA THREATENING YOU ABOUT?
NOTHING, MISTER - NO KIDDING. THANKS A LOT- BUT JUST FORGET IT NOW, WILL YOU?

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS. I THINK IT'S A JOB FOR SPY SMASHER!

SO THERE'S THE STORY FELLOWS. IF WE GET THE POLICE TO RESCUE JIMMY - THEY'LL KILL HIM.
THE BOYS ARE STARTLED WHEN A DRAMATIC FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARS. SPY SMASHER HIMSELF!
I HEARD YOUR STORY, AL. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE RUN INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY RINGS IN AMERICA!
HELLO, BOYS!
GOSH! IT'S SPY SMASHER!
DO YOU THINK SOMEBODY'S KOOPIN' US?
SEE!
WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY - BUT FIRST I'LL TRY TO GET JIMMY OUT OF THEIR CLUTCHES
THANKS, SPY SMASHER AND MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU CATCH THE CROOKS!
THANKS, BOYS. I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I CAN USE YOUR HELP. BUT STAY HERE FOR NOW - I'LL BE BACK!
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS. MUST BE LONE GONG BACK TO REPORT. HERE'S WHERE I TRACE THE REST OF THE GANG.

HMMM—THIS ROOM IS REALLY DARK—IT'S FUNNY NO LIGHT SHINES IN
SURPRISED, HUH? WELL YOU'LL GET ANOTHER SURPRISE WHEN YOU FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO BUTT IN AROUND HERE!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE SURPRISED!
DEY DON'T CALL ME LOUIE THE BULL FOR NOTHIN'. I'LL MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF YA.
CRACK!
A QUICK JAB OF SPY SMASHER'S HEAD AND LOUIE FEELS HIS GREAT BULK AGAINST THE FLOOR.
WHO'S GOT TO MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF WHO?
IF YOU WEREN'T A RED-EYED SPY, I'D FEEL SORRY FOR YOU. NOW, COME ON, SPILL THE STORY. WHAT'S THE PLAN FOR GETTING ABOARD THE SHIP?

OOOWN! OKAY, MISTER. I'LL SQUEAL. TWENTY OF HERR SCHMIDT'S MEN ARE HIDIN' IN FOUR BARRELS. THEY'LL BE TAKEN ALONG ALONG WITH A WHOLE SHIPMENT OF FLOUR
WHAT'S THAT?
MM! MM!
WOW, HERR SCHMIDT'LL WANT TO KILL ME FOR THIS!
WHAT THE—IT MUST BE JIMMY!
THERE'S A HUNDRED BARRELS OF FLOUR HERE IN THIS WAREHOUSE. TRUCKS COMIN FOR 'EM ANY MINUTE
POOR KID! YOU'VE HAD A NASTY TIME.
SPY SMASHER! I DON'T KNOW YOU WERE REAL!
YOU CAN COOL OFF IN THERE TILL WE GET BACK. COME ON, JIMMY— WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!
A FEW MINUTES LATER—SPY SMASHER HAS ROUNDED UP THE BOYS.
SO YOU SEE, WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO FIND OUT WHICH BARRELS HAVE SPIES IN THEM. TAKE TOO LONG TO SEARCH THEM ALL!
I'VE GOT IT! I HAVE A STINK BOMB IN MY POCKET— THAT OUGHT TO BRING THEM OUT!

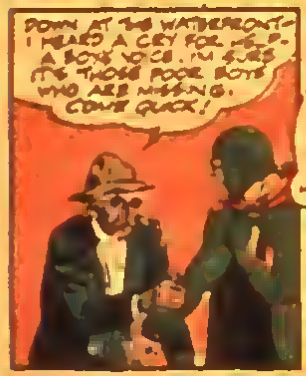
WHEE OOH! THE BARRELS WITH GOSS IN THEM WILL HAVE AIR HOLES - SO THEY'LL GET THE FUMES ALL RIGHT. COME ON - HURRY!
EVERYTHING READY, FELLOWS? OKAY BILL - TOSS THAT STINK BOMB IN THERE!
THEY'LL START GETTING AWAY FROM THERE IN A MINUTE.
PEW! PFUI!
VAS IST DER STINK?
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
WHAT A STINK. DO SOMETHING OR AROUND HERE?
PHOOEY ON HERE SOMETHER! LET'S GET OUT!
THE GOSS RUN RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!
VOT ISS?
OOH!

MAYBE THE KIDS CAN FINISH ALONE!
SO! A "KID" BUT YOU DON'T GET ME TO SWEAT!
HERE'S TA TOP OF YOUR BARREL, WISE GUY YOU ALMOST WENT OFF WITHOUT IT!
LOOKS LIKE SPY SMASHER IS GOING TO SWEAT FOR A FOOTBALL!
...BUT THAT'S JUST THE OPPORTUNITY SPY SMASHER WAS HOPING FOR!
IT'S A GLAND TO SEE YOU TO KNOCK OUT YOUR FRIENDS!

BUT HERR SCHNITZEL HAS STAYED BEHIND, AND—
STUPID FOOL—FALLING INTO SUCH A TRAP! BUT HERR SPY SMASHER WILL NEVER CATCH ME—QUICK—OUT THE WINDOW!
WELL, WE GOT MOST OF THEM. BUT THE RING LEADER MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW. OUR JOB'S NOT FINISHED YET.
GOSH—NO ONE'S SAFE UNTIL HE'S CAPTURED!
NEXT DAY—AT THE CITY APARTMENT OF ALAN ARMSTRONG—FAMOUS SPORTSMAN AND HUNTER—THERE IS A PHONE CALL
ALL RIGHT—WE'LL TURN THESE RATS OVER TO THE F.B.I. MEANTIME, I THINK I'D BETTER DISAPPEAR FOR A WHILE. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR HERR SCHNITZEL!
HELLO? YES, THIS IS ARMSTRONG SPEAKING....
ARMSTRONG! COME TO THE MUSEUM AT ONCE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
GOT HERE AS QUICK AS I COULD, PROFESSOR. WHAT HAPPENED?
REMEMBER THAT COLLECTION OF UNUSUAL WEAPONS YOU DONATED TO THE MUSEUM? A POISONED SWORD HAS BEEN STOLEN!
A SWORD TIPPED WITH A DEADLY DRUG THAT PARALYZES THE VICTIM! ONLY A DESPERATE CRIMINAL WOULD STEAL A THING LIKE THAT!
I HAVE AN IDEA THAT SWORD WILL BE BACK BY TOMORROW!
'TIS A CINCH THE SPY RING STOLE THAT POISONED SWORD... HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
ATTENTION, EVERYONE! A NATION-WIDE POLICE ALARM IS BEING BROADCAST FOR THE SIX LOCAL BOYS WHO DISAPPEARED EARLY THIS MORNING AFTER HELPING IN THE CAPTURE OF A GANG OF SPIES. THEIR NAMES ARE...

AH, JIMMY, AND THE REST OF THE GANG-MISSING! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, HERR SCHMITZ-W! SPY SMASHER WILL SMASH YOU THIS TIME!

SO I HEAR FOOTSTEPS? WHOEVER YOU ARE-COME QUICK-FOLLOW ME!
WHAT'S UP?

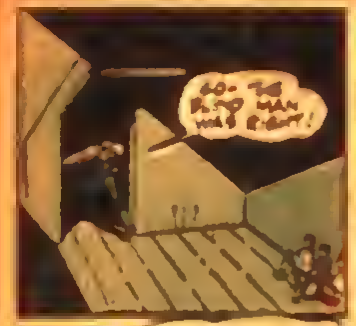

DOWN AT THE WATERFRONT-I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP-A BOY'S VOICE. I'M AFRAID IT'S THOSE POOR TOTS WHO ARE MISSING. COME QUICK!

SO THIS IS THE PLACE, EH? DOES LOOK SUSPICIOUS. AT THAT, HOW LONG AGO WAS IT THAT YOU HEARD THE CRIES?

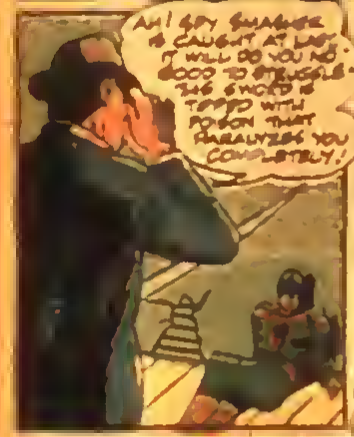
HOW-HEY! WHERE'D THE OLD BOY GO-MUST HAVE GOTTEN COLD FEET.

AHHHH! FRESH FOOTSTEPS IN THE DUST! AND BY THE LOOKS OF THEM, I'D SAY THERE'D BEEN A SCUFFLE! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
HK
AK

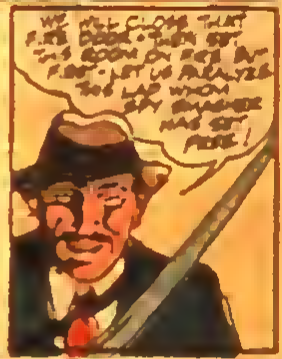
UNKNOWN TO SPY SMASHER A MAN HIDES AT THE END OF THE ALLEY AS HE ARMED WITH THE PARALYZING GUN!


GO- THE BOND MAN WILL FIGHT!

HURRY - GET IN ME WITH THE REST... OOOOH!

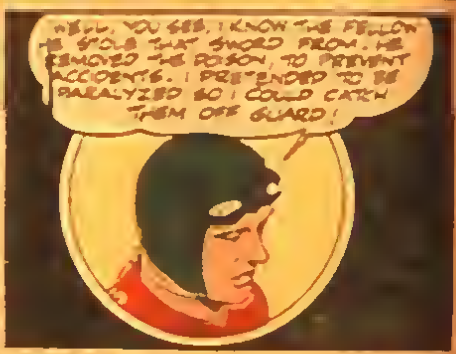

AH! SPY SMASHER IS CAUGHT AT LAST! IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO STRUGGLE. THE SWORD IS TIPPED WITH POISON THAT PARALYZES YOU COMPLETELY!

IT'S HERE SCHNITZEL!
HONE, I WILL LIVE TO TURN ALL IN HUGO - BRING THE TORCH


WE WILL CLOSE THAT FIRE DOOR - THEN GET THIS SOON OR ELSE BUT FIRST - LET US PARALYZE THIS MAN WHOM SPY SMASHER HAS GOT HERE!

SO YOU DON'T- FIRST I'LL PARALYZE YOU MY OWN WAY - THAT REALLY WORKS!

CHING I LOVE TO TOUCH!
SOON IN ELEVATOR, THE OTHER SPIES ARE READY NEXT FOR SPY SMASHER!


WELL, YOU SEE, I KNOW THE FELLOW HE STOLE THAT SWORD FROM. HE REMOVED THE POISON, TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS. I PRETENDED TO BE PARALYZED SO I COULD CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!

YOU BOYS HELPED A LOT IN THIS CASE! I'M GOING TO CHRISTEN YOU AS VICTORY BATTALION. WHENEVER I CAN USE YOUR HELP IN ROUNDING UP OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES - YOU CAN BET YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

ASK YOUR LOCAL MOVIE THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE VICTORY BATTALION BUTTON AND MEMBERSHIP CARD WHEN YOU SEE THE SPY SMASHER SERIAL AT THAT THEATRE! BE A MEMBER OF SPY SMASHERS VICTORY BATTALION!

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